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song, romance, historical narrative, glorious landscape, and an untired mood; in short, a content which will save it from that sure sign of literary inadequacy, a too nice preoccupation with form.

Hervey Allen and DuBose Heyward

POE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

In May, 1828, Poe enlisted in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry, and was assigned to Battery "H" of the First Artillery at Fort Independence. In October his battery was ordered to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C. Poe spent a whole year on Sullivan's Island. Professor C. Alphonso Smith, the well-known Poe authority, says: "So far as I know, this was the only tropical background that Poe had ever seen." That the susceptible nature of the young poet was vastly impressed by the weirdness and melancholy scenery of the Carolina coast country, there can be little doubt. The dank tarns and funereal woodlands of his landscapes, or at least a strong suggestion of them, may all be found here. The scene of *The Goldbug* is definitely laid on Sullivan's Island; and here are dim family vaults and tracts of country in which the House of Usher might well stand.

> Dim vales and shadowy floods
> And cloudy-looking woods,
> Whose forms we can't discover,
> From the tears that drip all over—

was written while Poe was in the army at Fort Moultrie,

and appeared in his second volume in 1829. There are later echoes:

> Around by lifting winds forgot,
> Resignedly beneath the sky,
> The melancholy waters lie.

H. A.

REVIEWS

A SONNETEER

Poems, by Stewart Mitchell. Duffield and Co.

The sonnet in our time occupies a lonely and illusory pinnacle. Due to the obsolescence of other imposed verse-patterns, it is mistakenly considered a special province of poetic art, which it is not. It may be an important form only by virtue of its history: it is perhaps the only purely romantic system which has become entirely acclimated; in periods of great fecundity in our literature it has had the cry of fashion; it has attracted profound and celebrated writers. Sequences of sonnets have been substituted for that anomaly of our art, the long lyric, as in Christina Rossetti's *Later Life* and Donne's *Holy Sonnets*, probably the best we have. It is fortunately based on a ten-syllable line peculiarly pleasant in the English tongue. Within it one can experiment, as the Elizabethans did, in complex passions and subtle argument properly dramatic. It may be made the journal of an introspective or passionate life, as in Mr. Blunt's *Proteus* and *Esther* sequences. But